A Rueful STORY

OR

BRITAIN in TEARS,

Being the

CONDUCT

OF

Admiral B—g,

In the late Engagement off *MAHONE*, with a French Fleet the 20. of *May* 1756

LONDON. Printed by Boatswain Hawl-up. a broken hearted Sailor.

THE CONDUCT OF Admiral B—g. &c.

IT can ſcarce be thought that the armament, ſo long preparing at Toulon againſt Minorca, was either ſo inſignificant, or ſecret, but that the Britiſh M——y muſt have Information thereof; or that they were the only people not ſenſible of the want of a powerful navy to maintain the ſovereignty of thoſe ſeas and to cover the fortreſſes of Mahon and Gibraltar from inſults, and to protect our navigation from the depredations of the French. And the miſcarriage of their firſt ſuccours to relieve the brave gar-

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

garriſon under Blakeney, however diſguis'd by an artful junto, under the name of *B——g's* cowardice only, does by length of time and incidental circumſtances create ſhrewd ſuſpicions of a defect, either in the heart or head of thoſe, who had it in power to have acted upon better principles. Durſt ——*g*, if he had been ordered to make the beſt of his way to Gibraltar, have loitered away his time on the caſt of Portugal and Spain? Was it ever known that a Commander in chief, under expreſs orders for him to execute peremptorily, did riſque his commiſſion and neck, by rejecting thoſe orders; except he was ſecure of protection? Had *B——g* been ſent in earneſt to relieve Mahon, durſt he have ſlept ſo long at Gibraltar, where he had nothing to do, but the ſervice he did not do, or conſumed ſo much time on the nineteenth of May, before he came in ſight of that diſtreſſed iſland? For; whatever panic might ſeize ſuch a Hero in the action, common prudence would have informed him, that there was leſs danger in an expeditious ſailing with a ſurperior force to the harbour of Mahon, than to leave a regiment

be

behind him, and to ſquander away his time and proviſions, while the enemy was ſtrengthening himſelf, and preparing to receive him with great advantage. And whoever ſhall hereafter read both the Engliſh and French accounts of the engagement between the two fleets will be inclined to ſuſpect that neither of them had inſtructions to puſh matters to an extremity. —*g*, contrary to his Majeſty's declaration of war, commanding him to take all advantages of the enemy, with an unprecedented generoſity, weakened his own fleet, to reduce it to a more equal force with the French: And though it appeared to the public that his principal and only errand was to drive away or deſtroy the French fleet, and cover and relieve Port-Mahon, they no ſooner withdrew from the mock-fight, but he civilly withdrew alſo; with the leaſt attempt to do the ſervice, which the world expected from him, and which by his own account he might have performed without interruption, and prevented the many ſarcaſms thrown out by an angry people, of which you will pleaſe to inſert this one.

We

We have leately been told
Of two Admirals bold,
Who engaged in a terrible fight,
They met after noon,
Which I think was too soon
As they both run away before night.

Such a conduct does not favour so much of a coward, as of a tool; whose private instructions might be suspected to frustrate the nations expectations and resolution to defend our fortresses, that command the Streights, and on whose preservation only depends our trade to Italy and Turkey, and even to Spain.

We must leave the vent to time, which never fails of making a full discovery, and rarely of bringing the authors to the Punishment and disgrace they justly deserves.

Admiral B——g's Answer to his Friends, who had sent an Express to acquaint him of the public Resentment.

DEAR SIRS,

You tell me the nation is all in a flame.
All murmur and load with reproaches my Name,
They lash me in satire and *burn* me in straw.
And threaten the harshest of lashes, the Law.
These things don't appal me.—To convince you the better.
Having nothing to do, i will answer in metre,
If the Nation is pleas'd to make songs upon B——g;
The winner, egad! with good reason, may Sing.
Observe then this truth [but 'tis all *enter nous*,
For if public, there would be—the devil to do!]
The people of England, of all people living,

Do

Do murmur the moſt, yet are always for-
giving.
Their paſſions reſemble the tides, you
muſt know,
The lower they ebb, then the higher they
flow,
The further their rage and reſentment are
gone,
The more they'll be ſure to exalt you anon.
Sage heroes like me, then, to get what we
want,
Abuſe them--as jilts treat a love-ſick gallant.
Get bribes from abroad, and at home we get
flags,
'Tis enought for the brave to get glory and
rages,
You ſee then my views, and, t'explain my
whole mind,
I'll cruize where nor French or the devil
ſhall find,
I mean till the ſtorm is blown over and then,
I'll return, and riſe higher, and betray you
agen.
The A---s, and H——ks, and B——*ns*
may fight,
but th' event ſhall evince that my policy's right
Their merits forgotten, and offices loſt
I'm ſure i ſhall die in ſome eminent poſt.
Yours, B---g,

'Tis impossible to think how the minds of the People are iritated against Mr. ——g, their has scarce been a Corporation in the Kingdom, but has either burnt him, or hang'd him in Effigy, and some both——To appease the People in some sort, he is under an Arrest, waiting for Tryal, which in all probability, will come on very soon, and by a court Martial, but whether at Portsmouth or at London is still a secret, for a party of the Horse Guards went to bring him to ondon, ana an Express was sent after them, to leave him there, and it luckily happened, to prevent a deal of mischief, for great numbers of people lay in wait upon the Road to give him a welcome with stones, particularly near London, and in Southwark they made a large bonfire, and burnt him, with the French King in Effigy.

There came home with the Admiral in the Antilope, eight Captains, fourteen Lieutenants, and upwards of a hundred petty Officers, and but two foremast Men, who belong'd to the Admirals ship, these People 'tis suppos'd are to give Evidence on the Tryal of the Admiral;

As Britons, let us not be discouraged, at the loss we have sustained—— And as Men of prudence, let us enquire into the true Causes of our misfortunes, and punish the Guilty, for the honour of our King and Country.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE Regions below to *A----l B---g.*

ASSIST me ye Nine, Faith I wish 'twere Nineteen,
To sing of such Things, as were ne'er before seen,
How to fight without blows and now, God bless the King,
The secret is owing to *A*—— *Swing*,
O Derry down, down, Derry, down.

This Method to practice, the old one to change,
You would keep your ships off, to the uttermost range;
Or if nigher you come, let it never be more,
Than nearly point blank, or they'll gall you too sore.

These Matters perform'd, if your enemy runs,
Clap down your Ports, and so shut up your Guns,
And follow him just at the Distance propos'd,
You'll loose the Sight of him before the Day's clos'd.

If your Enemy's obstinate, and will not stir,
You may be assur'd, he's an old fashion'd Cur,
But for Fear he should see into this your new Art,
Tack about, bear away, Boy, for you've done your Part.

How much to this Conduct, my Country-men owes,
There's no one can tell because there's no one yet knows;
But this I'll affirm to the blood thirsty crew,
'Tis the saving of Lives, gives the Devil his due.

New

New Schemes more the Pity, ſmall Credit do gain,
'Tis Experience force 'em into the Brain;
But a Ship did we looſe? Pray, a ſhip did they take?
And can you ſay more, of a *Ruſſel* or *Blake*.

By Conduct contrary a Captain we loſt.
And here lies the Reaſon, he run from his Poſt,
For may we not ſay it, without Flounce or Fear,
He run from his Poſt, when he run in too near.

To account for this Crime why——he'd get in his Pate,
Our Behaviour of old, in the Year eighty-eight,
And People you know when they are ſo ſelf-will'd,
It's a hundred to one if they 'ſcape being kill'd.

My muſe on this ſubject begins to be tir'd
Altho' it's a ſubject ſo juſtly admired
May the ſubject who cauſed this ſubject ſo foul
Be hang'd ſhot or drowned I wiſh from my ſoul.

Admiral Byng's LETTER TO Seretary CLEVELAND,

BELIEVE me dear C—d, with Pleaſure I write,
Tho' not Victor, yet eas'd of a damnable Fright
For however we buſter, as Lords of the Main,
Yet 'twas Joy muſt ſincere to ſteer homeward again.
Tho' preſſing our Orders to ſave Port Mahon,
Wou'd to God the Meſſieurs would have let it alone
Yet *lente feſtina* was always my Rule,
And he that Loves Fighting begar is a Fool.
By kind adverſe Winds, from poor *Blakeney* detain'd
'Twas four Weeks at leaſt, e'er Gibralter we gain'd,
Yet we ſtaid here—to eat, to carouze and live high

For who'd not indulge, who's To-morrow to die,
But at last we did sail——for by this time we hop'd
That the Fortress was ta'n and the French fleet elop'd,
All we thought, was now snug, *Glassonere*,
That blood-thirsty Villain G—d d—n him was there
Well, we cruiz'd made signals, and form'd the line
To Leeward, to Windward, had you seen, it was fine,
With Starboard, and Larboard, we led on the tack.
Till by general consent, Sir, we fell all a-back.
But as to our Fighting,——Why one two or so.
Wou'd spight of my Wishes, bear down on the Foe,
And the Cannon did roal so, I quake while I write
That the blood of the B—'s Sir, was forc'd to sh-te
The *French* most amazingly large to my Sight,
Seem'd to wish to edge off, and declined the Fight
Twas strange, yet twas charming——and their Ships did run,
As good luck would have it three Feet to our one.
And so rude were the French, that egad Sir, at last.
They cripled the intrepid, and broght down her mast
A ballance against us so great and so clear
That Victory must have declar'd for Monsieur.
In Prudence I summon'd a Counsil of War,
That surest Asylum of dastardly Tar
All——All were agreed, and we Lords of the Main
Are tripping it back to *Gibraltar* again.
From on board *Ramilies* my Dispatches I write
Ramalies, glorious Proof that of old we could fight,
But I own, I am not fond on't, if I am let me swing,
Nem. Contradicent——Your's till Death, *Johnny Byng*.

A Rueful STORY,
OR
Admiral Byng's Glory,

GIVE Ear ye sons of glory,
Of greater Deeds I sing,
Than e'e were recorded in Story
All done by great A——l B——g
Sing, sing, O great A—l B—g
It was in the very same Sea Sir,
His Father's Fleet did swim,
His Father taught well, we agree Sir,
But his Father was nothing like him.
Sing, sing, O great A——l B——g
At first became to Gib altar,
Where he was Succours to call,
But Wisely his Orders did alter,
And took no Succours at all.
Sing, sing, O wise A——l B——g,
While Portmahon was invaded
And Blakeney defended the Fort
On the Sea for a wile he paraded,
And then took a peep at the Port,
Sing, sing, O bold A——l B——g.
At length he descried the foe, Sir,
Whom he bravely determin'd to *beat*,
If he could without striking a blow Sir
Or hurting his Majesty's Fleet.
Sing, sing, O brave A——l B——g,
And when the Engagement began Sir,
The A——l stuck to his Plan
For he fought without firing a gun Sir,
Or Loosing a single Man,
Sing, Sing, O brave A——l B——g,
With gallantry charg'd in the Van Sir,
Without dismay or fear,
But B-G, who would not risk a Man Sir
Kept cautiously snug in the Rear.
Sing, Sing Great Rear A—l B- G,
At length the French run away, Sir
As Frenchmen are apt to do,
But he scorn'd to give them foul play
So civilly run away too.
Swing, swing A—— B——